

Three traveling companions, Gray, Brown and Green, were breakfasting at a hotel in the south. Gray ordered coffee, rolls, creamed potatoes, bacon and fried eggs; Brown told the waiter he might duplicate the order for him and Green said:

"You may bring me the same, all but the eggs—you may eliminate the eggs." In due time the waiter appeared with the breakfasts of Gray and Brown, which he served; then, stepping round to Green, he said, in a conciliatory voice:

"We got fried eggs an' poached eggs an' boiled eggs an' scrambled eggs an' omelet, sah, but we ain't got no 'eliminated eggs'."

"Well," said Green, "my doctor says my eggs must be eliminated. Have it done at once and hurry up my breakfast."

Presently the waiter was back again, but without the breakfast.

"The cook says tell you, sah," he said, "he jes' can't 'eliminate no eggs dis mawnin'."

"Now, see here," said Green, in upbraiding anger, "I never before was at a hotel where I could not have my eggs eliminated. Go tell the cook that and tell him to eliminate those eggs double sudden or I shall complain to the manager."

Away went the waiter, but returned almost immediately, followed by the cook.

"I come to 'plain to you myself bout dem eggs, sah," said the excited chef. "I ain't been here only a week an' I don't want to lose my job an' dis is de very first ordah I had fob 'eliminated eggs since I come. I was goin' to 'eliminate 'em right off, but when I looked round for de 'liminators dey ain't got none. Co'se I can't 'eliminate eggs 'bout a 'liminator, but I's goin' to have the boss git one dis vey day an' if you'll 'accuse me this mawnin' nex' time you come I'll 'liminate yo' eggs better'n yo've evah had 'em 'liminated befo'!"

Political partisans in Canada are, as a rule, a most ungenerous lot. They give their opponents no credit for possessing any good points and are always ready to accept the maddest, meanest rumor so long as it tends to an opponent's detriment. As Editor Williamson once said, "No one is more credulous than a partisan. He bites at everything."

Take as an example the case of Premier Sifton, who is at present over in London trying to dig up \$5,000,000. The Eye-Opener has an exclusive story regarding his efforts with the bankers.

The morning after his arrival in London, L.H. Arthur took a taxi and drove into the city. Entering the great banking house of Glyn, Mills & Co. in Lombard street, he asked to see Mr. Glyn. The magnate gave the



Farewell ergy of officers and crew while awaiting wireless from Ottawa

premier a courteous greeting in his private room and requested him to be seated.

"Well, sir, what can I do for you?"

"I want \$5,000,000."

"Oh, you do, eh? And might I venture to inquire who the devil you are?"

"I am Mr. Sifton, premier of the province of Alberta, in Canada."

"Oh—ah—that puts another complexion on it. Have a cigar. And how did you leave all the folks in Canada?"

"Very well, indeed, thank you."

"I suppose you have plenty of collateral to offer for this loan?"

"Well, no."

"Then how on earth do you expect to raise it?"

"Oh, any old way. I think my note of hand should be sufficient."

"That would be all right, too, in certain cases, but I do not know you, my dear sir."

"Oh, I'm all right."

"Well, would you have any objections to my making a few inquiries first?"

"Not at all, not at all! Go right ahead. Go as far as you like. I shall drop in again before the bank closes."

"Go to it. I can while away the time taking in the sights of London."

"Excellent idea, my dear sir! Take a run over to Madame Tussaud's wax-works and see Dr. Crippen, attired in the very clothes in which he was hanged. It will do you good."

"All right. In the meantime, good day!"

With the premier's departure the great banker reached for the phone and called up Lord Strathcona.

"Is that you, Strath? Say, what kind of a chap is Sifton, premier of Alberta? All right, you say? Oh, he is, eh? A very honorable and upright gentleman—well, I guess he must be O. K. Thanks, old man. How are you after the banquet—ha, ha!"

The great banker hung up the receiver and pondered awhile.

"Hm!" he mused to himself. "Strathcona is all very well in his way, but he is a very old man—a very old man. I guess I'd better call up—let me see—Max Aiken."

The great banker reached once more for the phone and asked to be connected with Sir Max Aiken at his residence.

"That you, Max? Say, Max, what do you know about Premier Sifton of Alberta? What's that? Surely you must be mistaken! He doesn't look to be that sort—I don't believe he ever stole a horse in his life. Looked a grave-yard, too, you say? Oh, phaw! Surely you are prejudiced against this man. Well, never mind, I'll ask somebody else."

The great banker did some more pondering.

"I wish I knew of some prominent Western Canadian over here in London just now. Oh, I have it! H. H. Bennett, the silver-tongued spellbinder, is over on a visit and is stopping



The Jokers

at the Cecil. He is right from the same province, too. Here goes!"

After a few minutes had elapsed, the great banker caught the buzz of the phone.

"Is this Mr. Bennett? This is Mr. Glyn, the banker, speaking. Can you give me any information regarding Mr. Sifton, who, I understand, is premier of your province? He's a W.I.A.T.?"

Kindly repeat that—I didn't quite catch it. Don't talk so fast. You say he is the most unmitigated scoundrel that ever came down the pike? Surely, Mr. Bennett, he is not so bad as that—and am I to believe he has spread

wreck, ruin and devastation throughout the land and brought countless widows and orphans with gray hairs to the grave with his dastardly A. & G. W. policy? Oh, tut, tut! Ring off!"

The great banker called in the junior partner and consulted with him as to a suitable source of information with regard to Mr. Sifton.

"Have you tried Mrs. Pankhurst? She is a friend of the Alberta Grits, I understand."

"By gum!" cried the great banker, excitedly. "The very person! Hey, you, Central, give me Mrs. Pankhurst—yes, she's out of jail, I believe. Ha, ha, hum, here she is now! That you, Mrs. Pankhurst? I understand you are a friend of Premier Sifton of Alberta. What kind of a man is he? Oh, he's a charming man, eh? Well, what else—a dear, delightful man, you say? Look here, this won't do, you know. Ring off!"

At this moment a debonaire, good-looking young man strolled in, smoking a cigar and twirling his moustache. Who do you suppose it was? None other, than Clifford Reilly, brother of the immortal Jimmy, who had dropped in to hobnob a while with the money king.

"Why, Reilly, my dear boy," cried the banker, "just the man I want to see. I had a visit this morning from your Alberta premier, Mr. Sifton, who wants a big loan, and I want to know just what kind of a man he is. Is he reliable?"

"My dear Glyn," said Mr. Reilly, seating himself crossways on a chair and flicking the ash of his cigar on to the carpet. "Premier Sifton is the greatest man that ever lived, barring possibly William Edward Gladstone and Napoleon Bonaparte. He has so many virtues that you couldn't count 'em on an adding machine. His reputation is so high that it soars in the cerulean vaults of heaven, and all his paths are peace. His political views conform to an ideally beautiful standard and his mind is a perfect abyss of wisdom. His bunk on the stump will shine through the centuries."

"That's enough!" cried the delighted banker. "He shall have all he wants."

"Where is he now," asked Clifford, casually.

"At Madame Tussaud's waxworks, having a look at Dr. Crippen."

"At Madame Tussaud's waxworks?"

"The Eye-Opener welcomes the Rev. 'Bob' Pearson back to Calgary, where he will assume spiritual and athletic charge of the Y. M. C. A. Here is a good all-round man, admired and respected by all, and especially popular with the younger set on account of his advocacy of and personal participation in clean sports. 'Bob' Pearson comes like a breath of pure air."

Wonder if the Rex Realty Company has cut out that rather shabby stunt of theirs, which consists—or did consist—of inducing innocent young men, newcomers to the city and of slender means, to purchase lots at North Battleford on the guarantee that they, the company, would at once find them jobs. Several complaints were brought to us by poor chaps who had paid \$10 down but had never got the promised jobs. We secured the return of one fellow's deposit. It is a cold-blooded real estate agent that will lay himself out to ensnare the humbler class who cannot afford to lose.

Nearly every woman you see coming out of a grocery is chewing something.

Our Great and Good Friend, Simon John Clarke, is very busy these days in his new role of Superintendent of the Banff National Park. He is trying to figure out how he can accomplish the million dollars' worth of improvements, actually needed, on a meagre government appropriation of \$300,000.

Mr. Clarke's long experience in the Calgary public works department should guide him in using every dollar of this money to advantage. Quite casually it might be mentioned that no men working on government jobs in the Park will find it easy to "soldier" on Simon John.

This \$300,000 appropriation looks like a great piece of munificence on the part of the Dominion Government; but it isn't. A million dollars should have been set aside for the Park, if any real effort is to be made to attract tourists and hold them for a while after they have come. Healthy and sane tourists holidaying away from business in search of fun, amusement and recreation, are certainly not going to pause and dally at Banff on the allurements of a hot bath.

For years we have been advocating open-air promenades, concerts for banff, down by the river near the zoological gardens (He, 'barder!), with little round tables and chairs and a line of refreshments—of tea, soft drinks, ices and so forth, and proper arrangements for the foregathering of visitors. Once we entertained the pleasing idea that a beer garden would be the proper caper, but further reflection has shown us the undebatable of this. The privileges of a beer garden would soon be abused. Noisy young men, up from Calgary on a lout, would quickly put the garden on the bum. Indeed, we never saw a good thing yet, in this country, that wasn't quered by the drunks.

Superintendent Clarke should take the bull by the horns and send off right away for a band which will discomfit the "Sweet" music afternoons and evenings down by the river. He might well devote ten or fifteen thousand dollars of the present appropriation to this excellent purpose. Cluster lights from the depot to the C. P. R.

Admiral from peep of Niobe violently denounces Naval Bill and demands an all-bozoological navy, built by booze artists and manned by booze fighters.

hotel are all very well, and a hot bath is also all very well, and Brewster's lively rigs are undoubtedly all very well; but it takes something livelier than cluster lights and hot baths and lively rigs to satisfy visitors to this or any other holiday resort.

These two genial seerspeakers worthies in Victoria, B. C., salmon and Morris, should really see to it that a prize go semi-occasionally to the prizees. It is very aggravating to praise speculators to draw blanks year after year. Give us a show, for the love of Gawd.

An old negro, taken ill, called in a physician of his own race. There being no signs of improvement he at last asked for a white doctor. The doctor came, felt the old man's pulse and examined his tongue. "Did your other doctor take your temperature?" he asked. "I don't know, sah," replied the negro; "I ain't missed anything but my watch, so far."

Cabinet ministers over in England are surely distinguishing themselves. No sooner have Rurus Isaac and Lloyd George gone explaining to the excited Brits how they came to be engaged in stock exchange speculations, when along comes the spiv story about Winston Churchill winning \$2,500 in a gambling joint at Cannes and being afterwards rolled by a woman he had picked up there. It only goes to show that we are but human clay, all of us, rich and poor, the great and the lowly, the churchman and the sport.

The gambling episode, with its demimonde coloring, will, however, add greatly to Winston Churchill's reputation amongst the masses of England. Strange as it may seem, the masses dearly love a sport, and the more sporty scrapes a public man gets into, the greater admiration he excites. It is well known to every old-countryman who lived through the last generation that the sporty proclivities of the late King Edward, when Prince of Wales, did more towards endearing him to his people than all of his more serious qualities combined.

The most unpopular personage of his day in England was the Prince Consort, Queen Victoria's husband. The masses simply couldn't enthuse over him. He was too bloody good. His sobriquet of "Albert the Good" was more of a nickname than a title. He never made a mistake. Everything he did seemed to have had the previous endorsement of the Archbishop of Canterbury, and when he attended a gala performance of the opera at Covent Garden the marriage certificate of the prima donna had first to be carefully scrutinized by a concave of bishops. On such festive occasions the ballet girls danced in long skirts to the strains of the Old Hundredth and the prince always made it a point to testify his appreciation of the performance by presenting the manager of the theatre with a copy of Dr. Norman Macleod's Sermons. As for horse-racing, the sport of kings, the only way he knew the difference between a race-horse and a giraffe was because the giraffe had the longer neck.

On the other hand, the most popular—absolutely the most popular—man of his time in England was Albert Edward, Prince of Wales. This wonderful and mysterious popularity lasted through a long life, increasing rather than diminishing as the years went by. He was the only king England ever had whose personality called forth demonstrations of admiration and affection on the part of vast masses of people, who in the nature of things could only know him from a respectful distance. Traditional and inbred loyalty to the throne is one thing, but devotion to the person of the monarch himself is something much more vital. King Edward, both as prince and monarch, was very close to his people.

The explanation is that this great prince never took the trouble to pretend to be what he was not. He was himself all the time, with the same shortcomings and weaknesses as have characterized frail humanity ever since the world began. Nothing smug nor self-righteous about this man. He was a human English gentleman, and when he happened to win a Derby or other important race, the people went wild. His success was their success. So closely had he snuggled up to their hearts through his many amusing social adventures, all tactfully weathered during a life beset with bewildering temptations, that when he was called upon to appear as a witness in a divorce case or gambling case, or when parliament had to cough up a bunch of money to pay his early debts, his subjects were delighted. Perhaps they should have been shocked, but they weren't. Bless your heart, it was

just what they wanted. Human nature transcends everything and has the Church beaten forty ways.

In paying out money for the luxury of a monarchy, the people of England away down in their hearts want a swift run for their money. Drawing-rooms at Buckingham palace, the laying of corner stones, the opening of parliaments, and stuffy ceremonies of a similar nature, do not reach out and touch the people themselves. There is something cold, unreal and impersonal about it all. The people want to see their king with his crown off once in a while and like to feel that he doesn't go to bed in his coronation robes. They enjoy hearing that their king mingles occasionally at the club with his friends, that he pulls down a long shot at the races once in a while, that his luck at cards is not too rotten, that he slips over to Paris once in a while for a little supper and a cabinet conference with la Deuzieme Madame Tanqueray, and that he is enjoying life generally. To put it plainly, they prefer a live one to a dead one.

The present reign is altogether too staid and respectable. It is a neutral reign, being neither popular nor unpopular. There is no color to it, unless you call drab a color. The aristocracy, which acts as a link between the throne and the ordinary folk, have already begun to kick at the dreariness of the court and at the excessively puritanical arrangements contrived for their moral uplift. The proceedings around the royal palaces are said to be anything but gay, and the atmosphere of prim sedateness seems to have acted as a blithering blight on their hitherto high spirits. No people would stand for a discolored court nowadays. This state of rottenness passed away with the Georges; but, by the gods of war, there surely ought to be some happy medium where a dine-and-sleep guest at Windsor Castle wouldn't be expected to bring a letter from his pastor as a cachet of respectability. Such rules are very hard on Canadians.

The solemn pose is played out. We should all be far happier if we would only be ourselves and not forever be acting a part. Some of the staidest, protest and most profoundly respectable of our prominent citizens, who wouldn't be seen entering a bar or communing with a tart for the world, are the hottest kinds of sports when you get them away off in California or the old country. They turn loose in great style and act in real human fashion. On their return home they automatically drop back into their God-given make-believe and bogus dignity, and resume the dreary role of prominent citizen once more. None of that for your Uncle Robert, thank you very kindly. Life is too short.

Make the best of your life. You will never get another chance to be happy.

Jim Cornwall, late member for the Peace River constituency, has been to Chicago arranging for a moving picture concern to accompany him into the far north this summer, down the Mackenzie and into the Arctic Circle, to take scenes from life in that little known portion of the world. This project should prove of great informative and educational value. Moving pictures such as these will present life up north as it is, and not as idealized by poets like Robert Service or hot-air artists like Rex Beach and Jack London.

Speaking of the movies, has it ever occurred to you how they have improved the actor's art? If they may not actually have improved it, they certainly have enlarged it a lot. The actors who succeed in film dramas must not only be excellent pantomimists, but must know how to do the thousand and one things they are pictured as doing. These difficult stunts, such as riding, swimming and what not, can be described in a talking drama, but must be actually performed before the remorseless camera.

A new breed of actors and actresses is springing up, hardy adventurers who go into the far northwest or the jungles of Africa and there camp and rough it to lead verisimilitude to the stories told by the reels. Yet, we should imagine, this must be preferable to hitting up the bank towns of getting stranded at Moose Jaw, after the fashion of Bob Fitzsimmons' marvellous aggregation of stars last summer.

A golfing Scot died and dreamed that he had gone to heaven. Asked what his pleasure was, he said he would like a game of golf, and at once a foursome was arranged for him. He was afterwards asked if he would like another, and he replied that he would, and would like to have a round with David, Solomon and Robert Burns. "Oh," was the reply, "you won't find them here. You'll have to go to the ladies' links."

When a man begins by saying you are too wise to be caught for a sucker, look out! He is going to try a new kind of bait.

A young man who had obtained a place in a house agent's office and was anxious to do all he could in the interest of his employer, attended a social gathering. He was asked to sing, and responded with "Home, Sweet Home." His friends were a little surprised at his selection, but he was heartily applauded. Then stepping forward, he said, "I am glad you like the song. There is nothing like 'Home, Sweet Home,' and let me say the firm I represent is selling homes on terms to suit all. Everybody ought to have a home. If you don't want to live there it's the chance of your lifetime for an investment!"

Two things are remarkable among the Hebrews—that neither testotomies nor drunkenness is to be found amongst them.

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Once again we venture in the most humble manner to give Premier Horden the quiet tip that his political longevity will be placed in jeopardy if he does not get busy and do something real and tangible for the West.

The first thing he had better do, is to adjust the tariff as to make possible a substantial reduction in the cost of agricultural machinery.

The second thing he had better do, is to get after the railway commission and insist on something being done towards removing the burden of excessive freight rates in Western Canada.

Premier Horden need not bother his head about the Western farmer unless he likes—being the doctor—but he should bear in mind that there will be a preponderant proportion of new members to be elected out of the West at the next general election. If by that time he has failed to lend a responsive ear to the reasonable demands of the farmer, it is good-bye for the party.

We think we know what is the matter. To the Ottawa politician sitting in the Rideau Club smoking his Perfecto, rapping up Scotch and Polly, and discussing the frailties of pretty stenographers, the Far West seems far away indeed. Some years ago we happened to be in Ottawa for a couple of days and while crossing Parliament square one morning our thoughts happened to revert to Calgary. In spite of ourself, we could not help thinking of it as some western trading post, of no particular account. If a thought like that managed to flit through the head of an ultra-loyal Canadian, what kind of thoughts must eastern statesmen—(baptized!)—have with regard to Calgary and the West? Just no thoughts at all. Merely a mental attitude of sublime indifference.

Take the discrimination of local freight rates in the West as compared to local rates in Ontario. The railway commission, almost exactly a year ago (April 16, 1912) held an investigation and made the discovery:

1. That the freight rates on the railways west of Lake Superior are from 25 to 175 per cent higher than in Ontario and Quebec.
2. From the C. P. R. records that the cost of hauling 1,000 tons one mile is less in the West than in Ontario and Quebec.
3. That the cost of maintenance in the prairie provinces is \$400 less per mile than in the East.
4. That the actual transportation expenses are \$424 less per mile in Saskatchewan and Alberta than on the Eastern lines.
5. That it costs \$543 less per mile to operate railways in Alberta and Saskatchewan than in the East.
6. That the density of traffic is 25 per cent greater in Manitoba and 16 per cent greater in Alberta and Saskatchewan than in Ontario and Quebec.

That discovery was made as we point out, over a year ago. Has anything been done to bring the railroads to time and have this discrimination removed? Not a thing. To be sure government counsel were appointed to represent the people of Canada and make the companies justify their rates, but these government counsel have not done a thing; have not moved a hand. Why?

We do not know why, but presume that the railroad companies made it worth their while to double-cross their clients. Lawyers are lawyers, all the world over.

The Conservative members at Ottawa can debate from morning till night and talk until they are black in the face about Imperialism and Dreadnoughts and West India Treaties, but that will not gain them the favor of the western farmer. The farmer wants something real and substantial that touches his occupation in an intimate way. He wants legislation that comes right home to him and his family. In this great and glorious country the successful statesman is he who knows how to reach the farmer.

There is our brilliant friend, George E. Foster, prancing about the antipodes framing up some new tariff arrangement with Australia and New Zealand, in which nobody is interested. Why in thunder doesn't the government revise the tariff at home, so that the farmer can buy his agricultural machinery at reasonable cost? It surely is far nobler statesmanship to enact wise domestic legislation for the betterment of the condition of the home folks, than it is to go running around catering to other countries.

No, dear friend, the matches made in heaven are never used for the purpose of lighting cigarettes.

So much real money is being made in vaudeville nowadays by people of almost every imaginable calling, that dignified members of the exclusive professions are beginning to seek engagements. Prominent doctors, editors and lawyers may soon be seen travelling the circuit and pulling down big weekly salaries. Some have already started. Dr. William Black, the prominent and popular Winnipeg physician, has been out on the Sullivan and Connelley circuit now for six weeks and commands a princely salary. He does two turns a day and three on Saturdays. His specialty, which occupies twenty minutes, consists of a major operation performed in full view of the audience. The subjects are supplied from the hospitals of the various cities visited.

Last week at Sullivan and Connelley's beautiful new theatre in Vancouver, Dr. Black made a decided hit. The stage setting represented the operating room of a hospital, with all the accessories, white-clad nurses, glass operating table and all the rest of it, to say nothing of the delightfully fragrant aroma of carbolic acid, with just



a slight soupçon of iodine form. The first subject, a fat man with a jovial face, was brought on to the stage in negligee costume and laid on the table. An assistant sat at his head and proceeded to administer chloroform. While the doctor explained to the audience that he was about to remove the man's appendix, "Just watch my smoke," he said, and proceeded to roll up his sleeve.

The operation was most successful. The moment it was over the operator brought down the house by a clever exhibition of juggling, in which he kept a pair of forceps, a lancet, a sponge and the man's appendix revolving in the air at one and the same time. In response to the inevitable encore, Dr. Black, after a brief consultation with the subject, who had by this time come round, announced that he would give them an exhibition of removing gall stones from the bladder. Once more the chloroform pad was placed over the patient's face and his body was again ripped open amid loud applause. The surgeon, with marvellous dexterity, plunged his arm into the cavity and brought out a handful of stones, which he threw among the audience for souvenirs.

The jovial subject recovered consciousness while assistants were sewing him up and watched them stitching with amused curiosity. In reply to uproarious demands from the audience for another encore, the doctor was about to respond by amputating the man's leg, when the latter demurred, saying somewhat testily that the doc was imposing on his good nature. This novel turn is one of the hits of the circuit and Dr. Black is featured as the headliner. He and Sarah Bernhardt and Jim Corbett are the three highest salaried artists in the vaudeville world today.

Tempting offers have been made to Mr. Robinson, the well known Toronto lawyer, but it is problematical whether that gentleman would accept a vaudeville engagement. An equally well known lawyer in Vancouver was recently approached with a fine offer from the Orpheum people, but declined when he found that a clause in the contract stipulated that he should try a rape case in full view of the audience. A famous western editor, who contemplates going into vaudeville, has written a comic sketch, in which he himself will appear in the role of an imbricated country editor running a paper in a small burg. It is said to be a scream. The stipulation of the circuit management in this case is that the editor get really drunk at every performance, thus ensuring a realistic performance. The contract is signed and the theatrical world is looking forward to the treat of the season.

The sporting editor of The Alberta, rather unfairly, we think, attributed the poor attendance at the Pelkey-Morris bout to the fact that "a certain spasmodic paper," meaning The Eye-Opener, had spoken of Pelkey as a lion. This was not what caused the slim attendance at all. The fans turned out in great style when Pelkey and Burne met, but after witnessing the miserable showing that Pelkey put up on that occasion it was hardly likely they would be over-anxious to see him perform again. That was all. There is nothing mysterious about it.

There is still another reason for non-attendance that was told us by

several of the fans who usually "take in these contests. They claimed that the bunk which appeared in the newspapers and posters to the effect that this Pelkey-Morris affair was to be an "elimination, contest to decide the white heavyweight championship of the world," was just a little too much for them to stomach. They resented the implied suggestion that they, the fans, were a lot of d-d fools.

Even the accounts of this heavyweight contest in the following morning's Alberta gave a most misleading idea of what actually occurred. One who had not been present would have thought that this Morris person made quite a creditable showing and that Pelkey was a most wonderful fighter to have been able to defeat him so easily. Fans do not like being misled by the sporting editors. It is not only not fair to them, but it is bad business for the boxing game. When the boxing fans find themselves stung through a fond reliance on the say-so of a sport writer, they grow suspicious and keep away. The McIntyre-Griffiths bout saved the situation on this particular night.

We would be the last person to knock the boxing game in Calgary and, as a personal friend of Tommy Burns, it is unlikely we would write anything with the object of prejudicing that gentleman's efforts to promote this fascinating branch of sport in Alberta, but hanged if we will go out of our way to "unload" misleading bunk about "white heavyweight championships of the world" to please anybody.

Billy McDonnell has sent us a batch of New York papers containing accounts of McCarly's scrap with Moran. Luther doesn't seem to be popular with the sport writers of Gotham, for they pan him unmercifully. One paper, however, the N. Y. Evening Telegram, says:

"McCarly is one hundred per cent improved since his last appearance in this city when he was so awkward and unphlegmatic in the way of the ring that he persisted in attacking his face into 'Jimmie' Williams' left hand, and was thereby outpointed."

The fans will be interested to learn that Pelkey is being specially trained and coached by Tommy for his approaching bout with Luther McCarly on May 24. Luther's visit to Calgary is a good deal in the nature of a homecoming and he should be accorded a warm welcome by his old friends. It will be a distinct act of discourtesy if Pelkey knocks his block off.

That clean and clever young writer, Mickey McIntyre, has a couple of good matches on the tap, with Billy Griffiths (returning on June 13 in Calgary), and with Kussick on June 19 at Saskatoon.

Luther will box in Calgary at Tommy Burns' arena, May 24. His opponent will be Arthur Pelkey. The fans would greatly prefer to see Tommy meet McCarly and we can't see why he doesn't, for he is still good for six fast rounds at top speed. McCarly would never be able to make a monkey of Burns the way he did with Palmer and Flynn. The only department in which Tommy is a bit shy is his wind. In other respects such as speed on his feet, hard punching and generalship he is pretty nearly as dangerous a customer in the ring as he ever was. That he was a tough one is evidenced by the fact that he made the best showing of them all against Jack Johnson.

A lot of people in Calgary are given to decry Tommy Burns' pugilistic standing on account of his lonesome affairs with Connie Rickett and Pelkey, but our genial fellow-townsmen, revolved in ring history speaks for itself. Here it is, taken bodily from the Police Gazette sporting Annual, 1912: It will be noticed that Burns knocked out Flynn in 15 rounds, in October, 1906.

TOMMY BURNS
Born June 17, 1881, Hanover, Ontario. Height 5 ft. 7 in.
1906. Knockout—Fred Thurston, twice, 3 rds.
1907. Knockout—Billy Walsh, 3 rds. Archie Steele, 2 rds. Ed Sholtz, 1 rd. Billy Walsh, 6 rds. Dick Smith, 3 rds. Reddy Phillips, 9 rds. Jack O'Donnell, 3 rds. Won—Dick Smith, 19 rds. Tom McCarly, 10 rds. Lost—Mike Schreck, 19 rds.
1908. Knockout—Dick Smith, 2 rds. Harry Peppers, 2 rds. Tom McCarly, 7 rds. Jimmy Duggan, 9 rds. Jack Hammond, 3 rds. Jack Butler, 2 rds. Jack O'Donnell, 11 rds. Ben O'Grady, 3 rds. George Shroobers, 5 rds. Won—Jim O'Brien, 19 rds. Billy Morris, 19 rds. Don—Reddy Phillips, 19 rds.
1909. Knockout—Joe Wardinski, 1 rd. Cyclone Kelly, 4 rds. Indian Joe, 5 rds. Won—Tony Caponi, 6 rds. Draw

—Mike Schreck, 6 rds. Tony Caponi, 6 rds. Billy Woods, 15 rds. Lost—Jack O'Brien, 6 rds.

1905. Knockout—Dave Barry, San Francisco, 25 rds. Won—Dave Barry, Tacoma, 25 rds. Draw—Jack Sullivan, Seattle, 30 rds. Hugo Kelly, Detroit, 1905. Draw—Hugo Kelly, Los Angeles, 30 rds. Lost—Jack Sullivan, Los Angeles, 30 rds.

1906. Knockout—Jim O'Brien, San Diego, 1 rd. Jim Walker, San Diego, 1 rd. Jim Flynn, Los Angeles, 15 rds. Won—Marvin Hart, Los Angeles, 29 rds. Draw—Phil Jack, O'Brien, Los Angeles, 29 rds.

1907. Knockout—Bill Squires, San Francisco, 1 rd. Gunner Moe, London, 19 rds. Won, Jack O'Brien, Los Angeles, 29 rds. No decision—Joe Grim, Philadelphia, 3 rds.

1908. Knockout—Jack Palmer, London, 4 rds. Jim Roche, Ireland, 1 rd. Jerry Smith, France, 3 rds. Bill Squires, France, 8 rds. Bill Squires, Australia, 18 rds. Bill Lang, Australia, 20 rds. Won—Bill Lang, Australia, 20 rds. Lost—Jack Johnson, Australia, 14 rds.

And while we are on this subject of prize-fighting, let us draw attention to the absolute desuetude into which advance theatrical press notices have fallen. So much advance drive appears every week—and has appeared every week for years—in the columns of our dailies, cranking up coming attractions as the best and greatest that ever came down the pike, that now nobody pays the slightest attention to them. Only the most unphilosophical boob takes the trouble to read them at all. They are a mere pot-pourri of fulsome and indiscriminate praise, whooping up the coming shows in extravagant language. To the theatre-going public these advance notices have become absolutely meaningless.

The result is that when a really good company comes along with a really good play, its truthful and honest advance notices fall flat and command no serious attention. Take the three fine Broadway productions that have come to Calgary, "Paid in Full," "A Night Off," and "Little Miss Brown." They drew poor houses, in spite of being the very best plays that have visited this city in a long time. They were cranked up all right in the advance notices but such of the public as chanced to read over the stuff naturally assumed that it was the "same old bunk" and paid no further attention.

Happy the management of the Orpheum vaudeville circuit, which allows its entertainments to speak for themselves and do their own advertising. This is the real thing, when an amusement company is in a position to set a uniformly high standard of entertainment that they have only to advertise the dates and the public does the rest. Of course the Orpheum people advertise, by way of handing the papers a little change, but they would get along just as swimmingly without it. "The answer" is, that they never disappoint.



On a cold night a man was hastening across the public square with his overcoat buttoned up to his chin. He was rather anxious to know what time it was, but he was too lazy to open his coat in order to get at his watch. Just then he saw a well-dressed man approaching and remarked to himself: "This is a clutch. I'll ask you gentleman, what time it is and he will oblige me."

He perceived that the stranger was buttoned up just as he was. When he came up the man who wanted to know the time removed his hat politely and said: "Sir, do you know what time it is?" "The stranger paused, removed his right glove, unbuttoned his coat from top to bottom, unbuttoned his undershirt and finally pulled out his watch, while the chill wind cut into his unprotected chest. Holding up the watch so that the light would shine upon its face for an instant, he glanced at it and growled: "Yes."

Then he passed on without another word. We read a lot about expert baseball pitchers at fabulous salaries, but we will be a hundred dollars (\$100) that not one of them could take a wad of paper and land it in the waste basket three feet distant twice out of five attempts. We have yet to see the man who can.

A private soldier by the name of John Orion was taken before a magistrate recently for playing cards during divine service. It appears that a sergeant ordered the men to attend church, and when the person had read the prayers he took the text. Those who had a Bible took it out, but this soldier had neither a Bible nor common prayer book; but, pulling out a pack of cards, he spread them before him. He just looked at one card and then at another. The sergeant of the company saw him, and said, "John, put up the cards; this is no place for them."

"Never mind that," said John. "I have been," said the soldier, "what have you brought this soldier here for?" "For playing cards in church."

"Well, soldier, what have you to say for yourself?" "Much, sir, I hope."

"Very good; if not, I will punish you more than man was ever punished."

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"Very good; if not, I will punish you more than man was ever punished."

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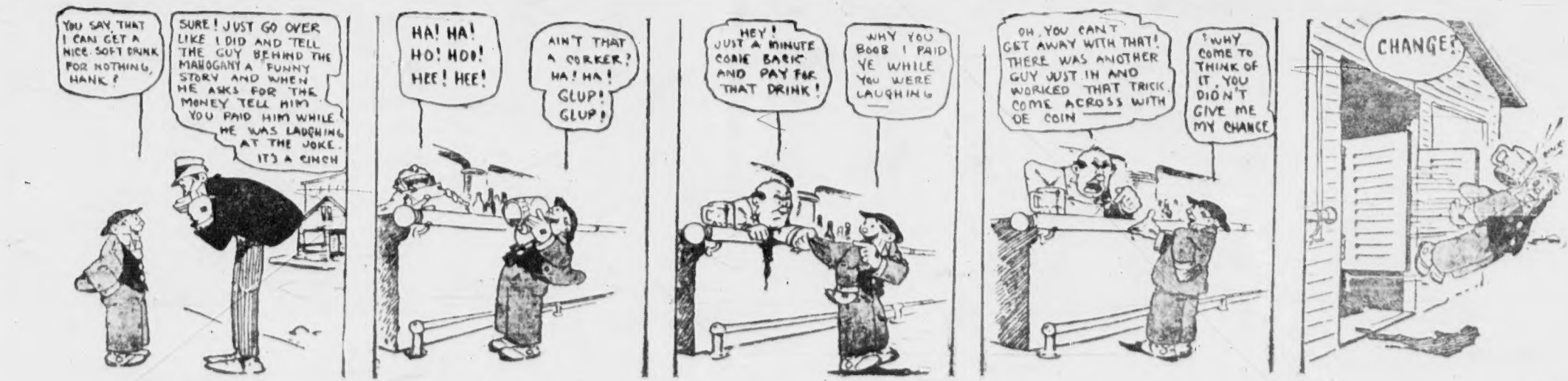
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For appalling crookedness, the election in the Clearwater riding has all the others backed up against the wall gasping for breath. This is the first time that even a summary of this extraordinary story has been published, and it is with a blush of shame—(business of blushing)—that we confess that the work of the Conservatives was quite as new as that of the other fellows. But 'twas ever thus.

In the first place it was never intended by the Government that there should be a Clearwater riding at all. Its creation was brought about simply to oblige Old Man McKinney, who has always been a close friend of Lill Arthur, and is a good old sport. Mr. McKinney had announced his intention of withdrawing from politics, but as soon as he heard that the Pembina Grits had nominated a man he got busy and announced his intention of staying in the game. A constituency therefore had to be found for the old chap, who is popular with the Government, and, as already observed, a hall of a good sport.

So Sifton and one of his carvers (was it Jack Boyle?) carved out the isolated riding of Clearwater, with its teeming population of 103 voters, and sent McKinney up to look over the ground and work his little rabbit's foot on the intelligent electorate. A slight attack of throat trouble caused McKinney to return to Edmonton, where he declared that he was out of politics for good. Got busy then, Williamson Taylor and Joe Clark, and the fun began. McKinney's throat trouble passed off and back he galloped snorting into the arena, with his tail up and his eyes rolling in a fine frenzy.

The firing on Fort Sumpter was begun by an educated breed who rounded up eight breeds (8 per cent. of the total vote) and got them solid for Joe. He was perfectly honest in his original intention of getting these breeds to vote for Joe, but he thought it would be a pity not to capitalize them and make a stake for himself while the breeds were good. So our educated breed went to Williamson Taylor's representative and offered him some votes for the sum of \$500. W.-T.'s representative, after much haggling, beat him down to \$300, which was duly handed over. Then our bold breed had the unblinking effrontery to go to McKinney's representative and make the same offer, to turn over these eight votes for \$500. He got it.

But in closing the purchase, McKinney's representative insisted that they have an interpreter at the poll to instruct these breeds how to vote. The "educated breed" up to this point had fully intended to act honestly with Joe Clark, but his natural cupidity got the better of him, and he said that if there was to be any interpreter business he would have to be paid another \$200, making \$700 altogether from this source. So in due course the eight

breeds received their final instructions to "mark a cross opposite the middle name," which was McKinney's. This they did.

McKinney's representative, who seems to have been a live one, then bought up a bunch of foreigners at \$10 per vote. That these foreigners were perfectly honest and had no idea they were doing anything wrong in selling their votes, is proved by the fact that when representatives from the other side came along and offered to buy their votes, they declined to do business, because, as they frankly stated, they had already been paid \$10 a head. There were about 25 of these simple foreigners.

McKinney's representative then got in some more of his fine work. There was a bunch of Government road men working in Pembina who were brought into Clearwater, and when objection was taken to the fact that they had no right to vote there, it was explained that the district was unorganized, and that anybody who happened to be there on polling day had a right to vote. And it went.

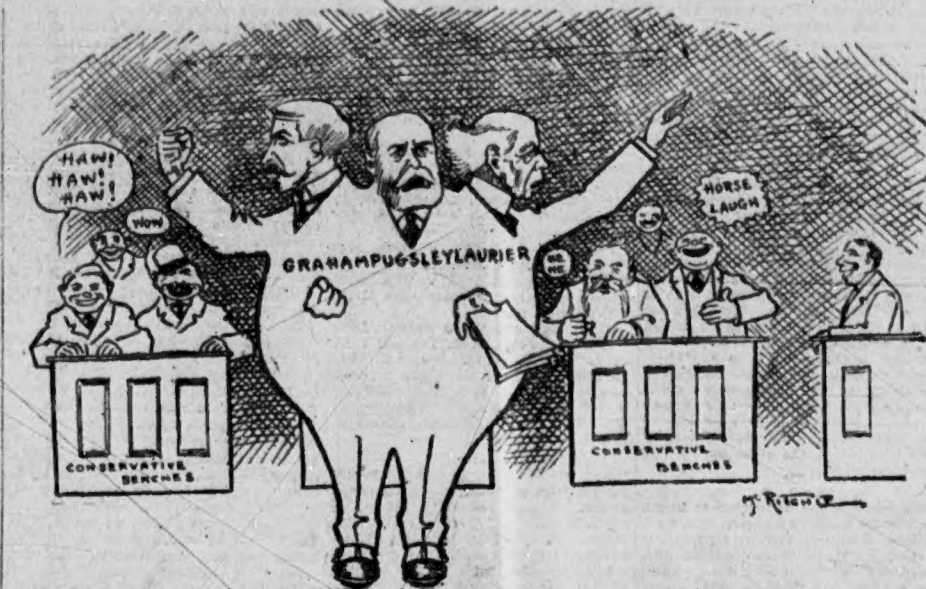
This made up McKinney's 40 votes, not one of them was an honest, conscientious vote.

As for the genial, ambitious, and ever-persistent Williamson Taylor, he seems to have hired men to drive up and down the country for several weeks merely to be around on polling day. The question is whether he got two honest votes out of the 39 he polled. Anyhow, what he did get cost him \$5,000.

In one poll there were five votes tied up, supposed to be Clark votes. A McKinney (Government) man came up from Edmonton and announced that there was a squad of police coming out to arrest these five voters for voting when they had no right to vote. Three of them took to the woods!

When the revision was held, the other two appeared and demanded that their votes be counted. The returning officer held that as the man who challenged them was not represented, their votes could not be allowed!

In another poll five votes were held up, supposed to be Taylor votes. These were challenged because they came from Pembina. The deputy returning officer admitted these votes, but McKinney's representative appealed to the returning officer, who refused to admit them, although about twenty men from Pembina had already voted for McKinney and their votes were allowed. The decision was a surprise to the McKinney men. But the McKinney men decided to take no chances with the returning officer or with anybody else, and are said to have taken these five ballots and destroyed them, substituting five new ones marked for McKinney, so that no matter whether the returning officer was bought up or



Who is Leader of the Liberal Party anyway?

not, they had 'em both coming and going. Which is how elections are won. And when the final count was made, it was just the same as it was in the first place—McKinney 40, Williamson Taylor 39, Clark 24.

From all we can gather, Joe Clark's votes were the only honest ones cast at this extraordinary election. That is to say, they came nearer being honest than any that the other fellows got. In a moral sense, Joe won.

After the smoke of the famous battle of Clearwater had blown away, a lens figure might have been observed in a quiet corner bending over a tub. It was Jack Boyle cleansing his hands in a carbolic solution.

We learn, just as we go to press, that the validity of some of these tied-up ballots is being argued upon before a judge in chambers at Edmonton. His decision will probably have been handed down before this paper is on the streets. We don't give a continental which way it goes, for the whole election was a disgrace to Canada, and all concerned should be heartily ashamed of themselves.

Dan McLeod, whose clothing store got burned up recently, will next week be re-established on a larger scale than ever on Eighth Avenue west. You can't keep a good man down.

The baseball season opened in Calgary with a bloomer. The Bronchos and the Eskimos went to it in great style, playing splendid ball and working up the fans into a great state of excitement. When the game was just about concluded, with the score a tie, 5 to 5, with the Eskimos all out and only the last half of the ninth to be played, with the Bronchos to bat, his Majesty the King suddenly called the game off. Why? Oh, because it was five o'clock and he had to go out to tea somewhere.

The make-up of the Eye Opener is a little different this week, owing to a slight mix-up in publishing circles since the recent Albertian fire, but we are thankful to have been able to publish at all. Everything will be readjusted in a few weeks. The installation of new presses in new quarters takes time and patience. Heavy on the patience.

Calgary's Industrial Bureau is a sorry joke. Its latest proposal to erect billboards at Banff to advertise the manufacturing advantage of Calgary is so absolutely silly and pathetic that one would imagine the members had suddenly all gone crazy. The very fact of their taking it for granted that the Dominion Government would permit them to disfigure the park with their rotten old billboards, is indisputable evidence that the bureau is not without its fatheads.

Well, Taylor, of the Vancouver World, has certainly been shown up in the courts in a queer light. A little money deal, which he pulled off while mayor of Vancouver was some time ago exposed by the Province, and Taylor naturally had to bring a damage suit in order to make the usual bluff of setting himself right with the public. This was fatal. The whole thing came out—that while mayor, and while the Great Northern Railway Company (Hill's road) was trying to put through a deal with the city of Vancouver involving millions of dollars, Taylor worked Jim Hill for a loan of \$250,000 for his "World Building Limited."

Our old college chum, E. P. Davis, represented the Province, and he didn't do a thing to Taylor, not a thing of course, the World lost its suit. In the course of a masterly address to the jury, E. P. said:

"We have proved that \$300,000 comes to the World Building Limited from James J. Hill. We have proved that during the two years that Taylor was mayor, bylaws were passed in favor of the Great Northern, not merely the main bylaw, but this viaduct bylaw, which (as I pointed out, would have saved, had it gone through, the Great Northern Railway \$250,000."

And this is the Taylor who had the ineffable cheek to insist: "The Eye Opener when 'K. P.' got after it! Now he has gotten a dose of 'K. P.' himself. Wonder how he likes it!"

Again says E. P. Davis in his address: "Can there be any question as to why Hill made that loan? Do you think in your own mind that when he made that loan he didn't have in view the fact that this man was the mayor of the city and he was running again, had been useful to him in the past and, not merely as a reward for that we will say, but also as looking for favors to come, that it might be a wise thing to grant that loan? That is the reputation that these railwaymen usually have. They don't throw their money around in the way of loans in connection with something that they have nothing to do with unless they expect to get some benefit from it; and I think you will agree with me that Hill did expect to get some benefit from that loan."

Taylor even seems to have gone the length of perjuring himself in his first examination. In this examination, to quote E. P. again, Taylor claimed he had had nothing to do with Jim Hill, didn't know anything about him, never had any negotiations with him, directly or indirectly, hadn't the faintest idea that Hill was connected with the loan. Mr. Davis went on:

"Now that is Taylor's evidence in the first place. When we see that it is all wrong, by the examination of Hill himself, then he comes out and for the first time tells us that he did understand that Jim Hill had guaranteed the loan."

"Well, if you find a man giving another man some money for nothing—because that loan, unless he expected to get some benefit, indirect benefit, or had got some indirect benefit already, was given really for nothing. There was no friendship between those two men, nothing to call on Hill to make that loan, a heavy loan, nothing but the one thing that he hoped to get a return, as you can generally make up your mind, under circumstances of a similar character, every man hopes when he advances sums of money without any reason which is apparent, good reason, proper reason. "Now we find in addition to that that Mr. Taylor did help the Great Northern, did help Jim Hill. The two agreements are in—practically in, as they are in the statutes. My learned friend did not put in the one he mentioned, they are both in the statutes and can be referred to; and I might say by them, I mean the Canadian Northern Pacific agreement and the Great Northern agreement, and you gentlemen undoubtedly are quite familiar with them. If you compare those two you will see that there is a vast difference in the protection thrown around the city's interests by the Canadian Northern Pacific agreement. But the fact remains that he supported it, that very important fact. The fact remains, of which there is no explanation now, that he tried to get the city to put up \$250,000, which the Great Northern should have put up, which the Board of Railway Commissioners at once said should not be put up, at any rate, by the city—perhaps that is the fair way for me to put it. "Now, if you find one man under

heavy obligation to another, and then you find that first man doing something that he ought not to do, and doing it because it is of advantage to a man to whom he is under obligation, gentlemen, as men of common sense, do you draw any but the one inference?"

But here comes the most important extract of all, inasmuch as the general public of Vancouver will know in future how much faith to put in the editorials which appear in the World:

"One of the provisions in the mortgage is that if there is default in the interest at all Hill can go in there and take possession and give a twenty-one years' lease of the property. It puts him absolutely, puts the 'World Building Company' absolutely in the hands of Hill. Is that a nice position for either a newspaper to be in or the mayor of a city to be in? He has had these more or less continual, very important dealings with that particular railway corporation."

This exposure has, of course, killed Taylor as a public man at the coast and effectively destroyed any little influence his paper may have enjoyed. Last summer, after a visit to the coast, it will be remembered that we took occasion to comment on the terrible straits certain coast papers were put to, to finance themselves, selling their reading columns at fancy rates for the exploitation of bogus flotations and crooked real estate propositions, and helping swindle the very public that was supporting them from day to day. This \$250,000 coup of Taylor's, while in a class all by itself, was what might be termed a happy touch. At least, Jim Hill probably thought so.

Nothing is so crushing to an orator as an interruption so absurd that it is so easy to try to answer it. One of the funniest examples occurred in the British House of Commons.

A noble lord, who sits in the lower house, and who is a strong supporter of votes for women, was finishing an impassioned speech.

"What message am I to take to that great assembly of women from this house of commons?" he called out dramatically, with outstretched arms. The answer came in the form of a drawing remark from some unknown M. P. in the back seats: "Oh, give them our kind regards!"

The real effect on food of the new tariff under the Wilson regime will be as follows:

Meats—All duty will be taken off meats, fresh and prepared. This means that meat can be imported to compete with the product of United States packers.

Fish—All fish are on the free list, spelling a probable average of 20 per cent. This covers the enormous catch in the northern Atlantic waters, a majority of which is marketed in the east.

Bread—Biscuits, wafers and bread have been put on the free list. This opens the markets of the world to every consumer in the country and provides a formidable rival to the "biscuit trust." The Payne law, by a joker which refuted the duty only on unseasoned biscuits, prevented foreign importations, because practically all biscuits and wafers have some sugar in their composition.

Fruits—All citrus fruits, lemons, oranges or grape fruit are reduced from 11-2 to 1-2 per cent. per pound, opening the markets of the Mediterranean to this country. The Payne tariff effectively prevented competition, and limited the citrus fruits supply to California and Florida. All fresh fruits are cut from 25 cents to 10 cents a bushel.

Milk—Fresh, preserved or condensed milk is put on the free list.

Poultry—Live poultry is cut from 2 cents to 1 cent per pound; dead from 5 to 2 cents.

Cheese—Is cut particularly as to the cheap grades used in quantity by the average consumer.

General Produce—On general produce, used in great quantities by all consumers, the duty has been cut in some instances more than 100 per cent.

The following list of necessary foods represent the cuts that were made: Potatoes go on the free list. This will prevent a famine or the manipulation of prices by combines. Similar facts are true of butter, beans, pickles, eggs, onions and peas.

Approaches the hour of parting of the man from his vest.

MAIL CONTRACT

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Postmaster General will be received at Ottawa until Noon, on Friday, the 6th June, 1913, for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails on a proposed Contract for four years, as required times per week each way, between Calgary Post Office and Canadian Pacific Railway Depot, from the Postmaster General's pleasure.

Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Office of Calgary.

G. C. ANDERSON
Superintendent.

Post Office Department,
Mail Service Branch,
Ottawa, 12th April, 1913.



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Duties—Six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each of three years. A homesteader may live within nine miles of his homestead on a farm of at least 40 acres solely owned and occupied by him or by his father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister.

In certain districts a homesteader in good standing may pre-empt a quarter-section alongside his homestead. Price \$1.00 per acre.

Duties—Must reside upon the homestead or pre-emption six months in each of six years from date of homestead entry (including the time required to earn connected patent) and cultivate fifty acres extra.

A homesteader who has exhausted his homestead right and cannot obtain a pre-emption may enter for a purchased homestead in certain districts. Price \$2.00 per acre. Duties—Must reside six months in each of three years, cultivate fifty acres and erect a house worth \$200.00.

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Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.

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Canadian Northern Main Line

Winnipeg and Saskatoon via Yellowhead to Vancouver.

Grand Trunk Pacific Main Line

Calgary to Saskatoon and Winnipeg via Tofield.

Construction has passed through Alix on each of these three lines. The Canadian Pacific is already in operation through Alix, and has been for some time. The Canadian Northern and Grand Trunk lines are both built through the town, and the stations are erected. The Grand Trunk will be in operation through Calgary, as everyone knows, in a short time.

Alix is Already an Important Town with a Present Population of 600

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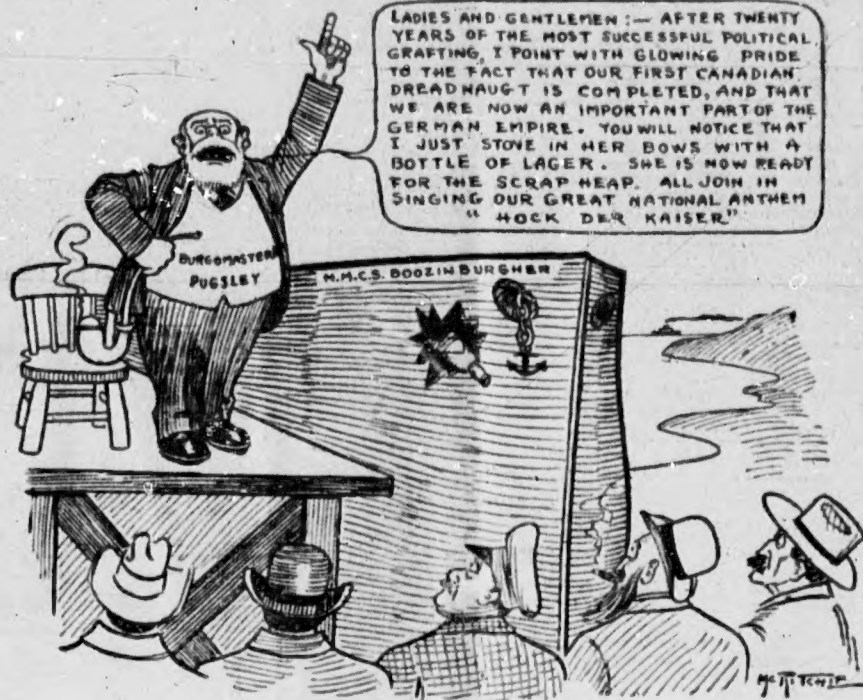
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After the German Conquest

He was a meek looking Englishman and had worked faithfully during the last Dominion election at the earnest wishes of the irrepressible Charlie Taylor, who had thrown out mysterious hints about a swell job in sight. A few days after the election, now some eighteen months ago, this Englishman, whose name was Crawley-Bagstock, of Bagstock Park, Shropshire, hunted up Charlie Taylor and said:

"How are you, Taylor? We didn't do so badly, did we, my dear?"
"We did fine," said Charlie.
"I called to see you about that job you promised—I hope I'm not bothering you, old chap, while you're busy?"
"Not at all, not at all. Sit right down. Of course we're going to find you a job, but a job like that I want to take any old job. A man of your refinement and education wants a good job. How would you like to be superintendent of the Banff National Park?"

"By jove, old chap, but they would never give me that, would they?"
"Why not? The question of the Banff superintendency came up before our committee the other night and one of the most prominent members said that he only wished they could get a man of the type of Crawley-Bagstock to take it."

"Indeed! Which of them said that?"
"Oh, we're not allowed to repeat anything that goes on in committee. I shouldn't have even told you that. You needn't say I said anything to you about it. Have you seen Bennett yet?"

"Well, no. You see, I don't know Mr. Bennett."
"Now you go and see Bennett. You needn't say I sent you. Just tell him who you are and he'll fix you up."

"By jove, that's awfully decent of you, old chap. If I receive the appointment at Banff I shall have the water and water out to spend a few weeks in the mountains and you must do your week-end with me, old chap. This will really well astonish them at home."

"That's all right, old man," said Charlie, as he showed his visitor out and then promptly proceeded to forget all about his very existence.

Mr. Crawley-Bagstock climbed the steep stairs to Bennett's office about fifty or sixty times during the following ten days, only to be informed that the Great Man was very busy, out of town, engaged, or attending a funeral. Finally he met R. B. unexpectedly on the stairs.

"Ah, Mr. Bennett's secretary," said the Great Man, pausing with a resigned look.

"I am Mr. Crawley-Bagstock—one of the Crawley-Bagstocks of Bagstock."
"Glad to meet you, Mr. Crawley-Bagstock. What can I do for you?"
"I understand I am to be given some post, don't you know, by the party."

"What party?" inquired the Great Man.
"The Conservative party."

"Oh, yes, to be sure," said R. B., scratching his nose, musingly.
"I thought I'd call and see if you could attend to the matter for me, Mr. Bennett."

"Why, certainly!" said R. B., speaking with great rapidity and edging his way up the stairs. "You write me at once and I'll attend to it right away. I am very glad to have met you, Mr. Crawley-Bagstock."

"Yes, to be sure, Mr. Crawley-Bagstock. Well, write me a letter Good day."

Mr. Crawley-Bagstock thereupon repaired to his humble room in the private house where he owed what he euphemistically termed "a trifling" and composed a long epistle to the Great Man, telling him all about the Crawley-Bagstocks of Bagstock Park and of his own career at Harrow and Oxford and how his father had once sat for Shropshire and his mother was one of the House of Commons of Leicestershire and his aunt was once engaged to the late Marquis of Salisbury and so on and so forth. Then he told his lordship that he was expecting an appointment as superintendent of the Banff National Park and borrowed from that credulous lady a stamp, with which, that very evening he proceeded to send up.

Two days later he received a brief epistle from the Great Man stating that his letter had been referred to the committee. This hurried

him up more than ever and he touched up his landlady for an additional five-spot.

Meeting Charlie Taylor on the street a day or two later, he said:

"Well, Taylor, have you heard anything yet?"
"What about?" asked Charlie, trying to recall his face and name.

"About my appointment to the Banff National Park."

"Oh, yes," cried Charlie, with a faint grin, "now I remember! Let me see, what did I tell you about?"

"You told me I was spoken of for the job of superintendent of the park."

"So I did, old man, so I did! And you're going to get it, you're going to get it! Don't be in any hurry. You can't rush those things. Lie low. Keep your shirt on. Some wasn't built in a day. Did you see Bennett?"

"I did after considerable difficulty."

"And what did he say?"
"He told me to write him a letter. I wrote him about sixteen pages and received a short reply to the effect that it had been referred to the party committee. What are you laughing at?"

"I'm not laughing," said Charlie, sobering his face. "I got a letter from Bennett the other night, that said 'The job's yours'."

"I hope they won't keep me waiting too long, you know. My landlady was a bit uneasy this morning."

"That'll be all right, old man," said Charlie, backing away and waving his organ. "That'll be all right. You stay tight with it."

Three weeks passed and no word reached Mr. Crawley-Bagstock from the committee. Once more he repaired to Mr. Taylor's office.

"Here I am again, Taylor," said he, apologetically. "Awful sorry to make myself a bore, but, do you know, I haven't heard a word yet from that party committee."

"What about—what were you expecting to hear from them about?" asked Charlie, peering into his face with an effort at recollection.

"Why, about the superintendency of the Banff National Park, to be sure."

"Oh, yes, of course. What's your name again? I'm rotten at remembering names."

"Crawley-Bagstock."

"Well, Mr. Crawley-Bagstock, I'll tell you what you do. Go and see Tommy Burns. He's the boy who'll fix you up. Tommy's the boy. There."

Tommy Burns, the boy who'll fix you up, was a small, round-faced man with a wide-brimmed hat and a suit of dark clothes. He was sitting in a chair, looking at Mr. Crawley-Bagstock with a steady gaze.

"SIGNOR ROBERTO ROGERIO."

committees are a bit slow. They make me tired. You go and see Tommy Burns. Look him up."

Charlie left alone, but a cigar and soon forgot all about poor Crawley-Bagstock. That unfortunate gentleman sought out Mr. Burns, who, on learning that he was an Englishman and had an uncle who was a member of the National Sporting Club, said:

"Oh, well, fix you up. How would you like to be superintendent of White Horse and all its acres?"

"First rate, but I have been partly promised the superintendency of the Banff National Park."

"Who by?"
"Mr. Taylor."

"Here Mr. Taylor suddenly turned pale and began coughing violently into his handkerchief, afterwards wiping his eyes."

"Well, you go back to Charlie Taylor and tell him to push it along."

"Push it along. Taylor will fix you up. You see Taylor. What's his name?"
"Taylor."

"But I've just seen him."

"Never mind. You see him again."

Mr. Crawley-Bagstock was unable to run across Taylor for several days. Finally he met him standing outside the Alberta hotel, talking to a policeman.

"Why how are you, Taylor? Been looking for you all over the bally shop."

"Did you want to see me about anything particular?"

"Yes, I went up to see Tommy Burns, as you suggested, and he told me to tell you from him to push it along."

"Push what along?"
"That job of superintendency of the Banff National Park."

"But Jack Clarke's going to get that."

"Why, old chap, you said I was to get it."

"Did I? Well, I'll see you do! Don't you worry. Leave it to me. Have you been to see Jimmy Reilly yet?"

"No."

"Well, you go and see Jimmy Reilly. He's the latest recruit to our ranks and is very enthusiastic. He'll fix you up. If there's one man in town can fix you up, that man is Jimmy Reilly."

"No! I'm damned if I'll go and see another soul! I've been sent from pillar to post."

"Ah! Pillar to post—how would you like to be a letter carrier?"

Mr. Crawley-Bagstock gave Taylor a withering look and walked sadly away.

"I wonder what's eating him?" mused Taylor, looking after his retreating figure and lighting a cigar. "He seems put out about something."

As for the arrest of our worthy Calgary friend James Young, down at Nanaimo, we happen to know the circumstances and can only say that it was the most high-handed, mischievous and deliberately cruel piece of work that ever came under our notice.

This was a bold act of interference with the liberty of the subject, to gain a political end, and was rendered all the more obnoxious by the pernicious connivance of an actively-partisan J. P.

This case, which was subsequently thrown out of court, with alleged expressions of regret from the crown prosecutor, should not be allowed to drop. That Nanton J. P. should be allowed to do this, whatever pranks of a similar nature may have been played by irresponsible Conservatives in another province, do not by any means justify Liberals in pulling off like stunts in Alberta. The Conservative party here allowed neither dishonest nor unfair tactics within its own ranks in the recent campaign. This course was especially impressed on all the workers.

Irving used to employ the same cab-driver to take him to the theatre and, evening when in London, and once he asked him if he had ever seen him act. The man replying in the negative, Irving promised that he should have two tickets as soon as possible, and kept his word. The next day Irving asked him what he thought of him on the stage. "To tell you the truth, sir," said the driver, "we didn't go."

"No!" exclaimed the actor. "When I had given you the tickets?"

"Well, sir," said the man, "it was this way. It was my missus's birthday, and I asked her which she would prefer to do—go to see you act or go to Madame Tussaud's and she chose the waxworks."

The Los Angeles Times are building moving picture theatres throughout the state, in Fresno, Hanford, Hillhouse, East Los Angeles and Buena Vista, and the west end. The company is headed by Carlisle Pender and the managers have been a large and varied theatrical experience. Nothing but the finest pictures will be shown, and the shows will be changed every night. These shows will prove a great boon to the people of the suburbs who will not have to pay the extra fare to get down town to see a first-class show. The shows will be open from 11 o'clock to 12 o'clock.

The well known country weekly of Edmonton, The Peace, is a recent issue and shows full of great news. We found interesting news items and a report of a month in the Great Northwest. "All we can say is that if the people of the west of Canada are as happy as they are now, then they will still be a well-to-do people."

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For a number of years a bitter feud existed between the Browns and the Perkinses, next-door neighbors. The trouble originated through the deprecations of Brown's cat, and had grown so fixed an affair that neither party ever dreamed of "making it up." One day, however, Brown sent by his servant a peace-making note to Mr. Perkins, which read: "Mr. Brown sends his compliments to Mr. Perkins, and begs to say his old cat died this morning." Mr. Perkins's reply was bitter: "Mr. Perkins is sorry to hear of Mr. Brown's trouble, but he had not heard that Mrs. Brown was ill."

Enter now the cafeteria officines. They are developed on a variation of the Jack Spratt and the estimable Mrs. Spratt plan. Arrived at the table,



they combine their trays and give helpings back and forth. The practice teaches likes and dislikes and this knowledge comes in useful after the inevitable marriage.

So excited was Willie that it seemed as if an overdose of turkey must have got into his head, and his mother kept a watchful eye upon him. But it wasn't the turkey at all, or anything in the eating line. Willie's excitement was due to the fact that he felt certain he had Santa Claus on the previous evening in his room. At last he felt that he could not keep back this stupendous piece of news any longer. "Mother, what do you think?" he said, at length. "I heard Santa Claus in my room last night. I couldn't see him; but when he went to fill my stocking he knocked his big toe against the bed-post, and then stood and—" "That will do, Willie," broke in papa. "Get on with your pudding."

Canada contains one-third of the area of the British Empire, and is larger than the United States (including Alaska) by 111,992 square miles—Canada 3,729,665, United States 3,617,673; thus the Dominion exceeds the States by 111,992 miles. Canada is as large as 36 United Kingdoms and 18 Germany, twice the size of British India, almost as large as Europe, 18 times the size of France, and 33 of Italy. Canada's population is less than two to the square mile; that of England and Wales is 558 to the square mile; United States 21. Canada is 3,600 miles by 1,400 in area; the distance from Halifax to Vancouver is greater than from London to Halifax.

Luther McCarthy arrived in Calgary last Sunday morning, accompanied by his manager, Bill McCarthy, and Al Norton, sparring partner. This gives Luther a fortnight in which to get his lungs acclimated to the rarefied atmosphere.

Manager McCarthy and Luther, since reaching Calgary, have been well high scared out of their boots by reading in the local press about what a marvelous fighter Pelkey is rapidly becoming as the days roll by. During the early part of last week Pelkey had suddenly developed into a Jim Corbett-plus-Sharkey, with a dash of Kid McCoy; while during the latter end of the week, along about Saturday, he had become a dangerous combination of John L. Sullivan, Fitzsimmons, Jeffries, Peter Jackson and Jack Johnson. The writing boys are certainly very loyal to Tommy's protege. Joking aside, however, Pelkey is pretty sure to give a good account of himself on the 24th. It is not every boxer who has an ex-champion to coach him in the tricks of the trade prior to a match.

McCarthy's visit to Calgary has resulted in a large addition to the membership of the "I-Knew-Him-When-Club." This is one of the penalties of success. Once let a man pull himself up out of the mire by his boot straps and get on to one of the high spots and immediately envious friends of miredom begin to sneer and say, "Why, hell, I knew him when, etc., etc." Poor McCarthy! He will have to put up with a lot of these reminders when in Calgary. No sooner had Luther achieved fame in the ring than certain local lights sought to become famous, too, by having it published in the newspapers that they had once loaned the champion five dollars, or six bits, as the case might be. This is the way of the world.

The affair on the 24th of May is to be a purely boxing contest, and has nothing whatever to do with white hope championships. Let no one hand you any bull-con in that regard. It will be simply a 16-round, no-decision bout, arranged primarily as a complimentary greeting to a former Calgarian who has gone forth and achieved success abroad. When a "townie" goes away and becomes a successful preacher, lawyer, or statesman, some kind of a function is always arranged for him when he revisits his old city, and he is given a special opportunity of "displaying his wares" through the medium of a big speech at some swell banquet. Luther is only a boxer, but he has been a successful boxer, and has climbed to within one branch of the top. This 24th of May function, therefore, is to be the official reception which will celebrate his return to Calgary on a visit to old friends. A warm reception will no doubt be accorded him. He and Brother Pelkey may be depended on to do their level best for the fans.

Seeing that Luther McCarthy is now right here in Calgary, it may interest our readers to see what Jim Corbett has to say about him and his manager. Corbett is correct in what he says about McCarthy's manager dodging the dangerous fighters and gathering in the easy money, and of course, Calgary is famous as an easy money centre. Corbett writes:

I was reading the other day where Billy McCarthy had me "on the pen." It appears he has taken exception to certain things that have appeared in this column pertaining to Luther McCarthy. While it makes little difference one way or the other what McCarthy says or does, I am at a loss to understand why he makes me the "patron" when there is scarcely a sporting writer of any note in the country who hasn't severely criticized the so-called white heavy-weight champion.

As for anything that has appeared in this column—well, I'll leave it to you, reader, if I have been unfair in my attitude toward McCarthy. The fact is, I've been rather lenient and unusually mild in handling Luther, much more so than his stand since beating Pelkey calls for. True, I recently did question his courage and business acumen in turning down a \$20,000 guaranty to meet Bombardier Wells, and have referred several times to his disinclination to box Jess Willard, but outside of an occasional mild criticism of the sort have been inclined to boost the youngster.

For the benefit of those who do not know, I wish to say that McCarthy is McCarthy's manager, not like the majority of fight managers. When their camps with a few battles they get with importance. To hear most of them talk, they and not the fighters are entitled to the praise and approval of the public.

In the Luther McCarthy, that young man who has the most promising white heavy-weight market developed in the last few years. He has the "makings" of a great fighter. The beatings he administered to Al Kaufman, Jim Johnson and Al Palmer stamped him as a youth of great promise. In the hands of a capable instructor and trainer, a man who would devote more time and attention to teaching him the finer points of the game than the financial end of it, I would not hesitate to predict a brilliant future for the house of McCarthy. At that he may become champion some day in spite of the fact that McCarthy is of little help to him in that direction.

I have nothing against Luther. I would like to see him win the heavy-weight championship. That's the worst I wish the young man. At the same time I believe he is making a mistake in tying himself up for fights with a bunch of second-raters and avoiding the boxers who have qualified to meet him. He appeared publicly in New York recently and possibly the frigid reception he met with may help to convince him that his methods do not meet with the approval of the fans.

Nobody who follows boxing is more anxious to see a white fighter at the head of pugilism than I. I would do anything in my power to help the cause along, and without hope of personal gain. For instance, I would gladly take McCarthy down to my place in the country this summer and give him the benefit of the knowledge of boxing and the experience gained in years of service in the ring. Without boasting, I believe I could teach Luther or any other heavy-weight of today a few important things about the game he is ignorant of. My fighting days are passed, but I still retain the knowledge of the science of boxing and could impart valuable pointers to an ambitious and intelligent boxer of McCarthy's stamp.

The average manager is of little or no help to a young and ambitious boxer. It may be the proper thing to employ a man to look after the finances when a fighter has annexed a championship, but until that time what is needed more than anything else is someone who can teach him something a fighter must keep improving all the time, and it takes years to develop a man good enough to win the heavy-weight title. It means hard work and plenty of it. The system of reaching out after all the easy coin in sight is all right as far as it goes, but if the manager with a likely prospect in tow could look a bit into the future he would discover that the money he has made during the campaign for the title

is insignificant compared with the possibilities once the goal has been reached.

I hope the report is true that McCarthy is to meet "Gumbo" Smith at Madison Square some time soon. Since the latter beat Wells and one or two preliminary scrapers, local scribblers are touting him as a wonder. There is no denying that "G. R." has one punch of a wallop. Any time he connects with that right hand swing it means down and out for the other fellow. But it must be remembered that McCarthy is a different proposition from any one the former sailor has yet run across.

Smith is about the easiest thing to hit of any of the heavies. He doesn't know how to get out of the way of a straight left lead, and it puzzles me how a fellow like Wells failed to jab him into ribbons. It must be there is something in the story that the Bombardier is a victim of stage fright, to put it mildly. There is no other way of explaining his miserable showing in the Smith match.

The "Gumbo" greatest asset is his deadly right. Apparently he is game enough, although never put to a severe test in his local battles. It is quite likely that McCarthy with his superior height and reach would bother Smith a great deal. It looks that way surely enough, but with these amateurish boxers nowadays you never can tell. To a clever man Smith's swings look easy enough to avoid, and yet there is the case of the Bombardier who unquestionably has it on the others in the matter of science.

If the match takes place and the result is decisive one way or the other, the winner could look on Jess Willard



Red Michael during the Long Siege.

for the white heavy-weight championship. If McCarthy should win both these encounters there would be some justice to his claim of white champion, but he will have to dispose of the pair before the claim is allowed. At that the title is an empty honor. Jack Johnson is still champion—very still at present, but, nevertheless, the champion of the world.

Hullo! What's this, what's this that has been wired from Calgary to newspapers all over the country? That the tax system of Calgary is badly tangled is disclosed in a preliminary report of McIntosh and Hyde, the auditing firm employed to go over all the city's accounts.

"Among other things, the preliminary report of the auditors shows that the true total of taxes collected for 1912 has not yet been ascertained. Further, the assessment total columns between the assessor's and treasurer's departments do not agree. Worse yet, the report shows the rolls are less by approximately \$35,000 than the total brought forward in the collectable account."

One of the reasons why the prune is not more popular is that it takes no pride in its personal appearance. A dish of prunes looks about as inviting as a dish of Lethbridge coal.

If the Conservatives in these two prairie provinces ever expect to make any political headway, the Conservative bunch in power at Ottawa will have to make a drastic reduction of the duties on agricultural implements. There is no other way. Of course, a tariff bill would be comparatively easy to frame if Canada was not made up of so many entirely different places.

Who, what, and why, is this Moore person, of the Semi-Swift Current Sun? He must be the original spot on that orb.

A man when he's drunk will tell you all he knows—but what's the use?

Amusements for this week (Sherman-Grand)—the famous J. J. Venet's Pollard Opera Company the first three nights, with matinee, and for the balance of the week the usual coterie of an entertainment at the Orpheum Vaudeville. At the Lyric, stock company in repertoire.

"All I demand for my client," declared the prisoner's counsel, in the voice of a man who was paid for it, "is justice." "I am very sorry I cannot accommodate you," replied the judge, "but the law won't allow me to give him more than fourteen years."

Was he rich? Or was he poor? She wanted very much to know before giving him an answer to the momentous question. So, after thinking deeply for a minute—"I'm afraid we shouldn't get along very well," she said. "You're too extravagant." "Extravagant!" he repeated. "On the contrary, I'm very economical. I have to be," he added as an afterthought. "Then I can never be your wife." "Because I am economical!" he gasped, astonished at her logic. "No," she replied, "but because you have to be."

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LOTS IN EVERY ONE OF THESE SUBDIVISIONS COULD HAVE BEEN BOUGHT IN CALGARY AT \$65.00 WHEN THEY WERE FIRST PLACED ON THE MARKET, A MATTER OF A YEAR AND A HALF OR TWO YEARS AGO. TODAY LOTS IN SOME OF THESE SUBDIVISIONS ARE COMMANDING \$1,000 EACH. IN NO INSTANCE DO WE KNOW OF ANY LOTS UNDER \$300. WE ARE OF THE CONFIRMED OPINION THAT LOTS IN

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